March 20th.

Harry has just arrived safe and sound from the land of tumults and confusion. The wound he received on the night he was at the play in the Queen's suite has left a mark on his forehead. He seems rejoiced to have got away, and by his account things at Paris are a great deal worse than we thought. He is grown tall, and promises to be handsome.

Innumerable *emigres* are come to England. I see a great deal of Madame Brulart and her party.

The Margravine of Anspach is come to London; I saw her at the opera. She dresses in a particular style, with a flat handkerchief and no curls. She has fine eyes and good features but is not pretty, in my opinion.

I went down with Abbé Campbell to Portsmouth and saw Tom, who is discharged into the *Lion*, which is fitting out to take Lord Macartney to China. We visited the docks; there seems great waste in the building jobs.

Sir George Staunton goes to China and takes his son. I met him and the two

Chinese priests he has brought from Naples with him. He has